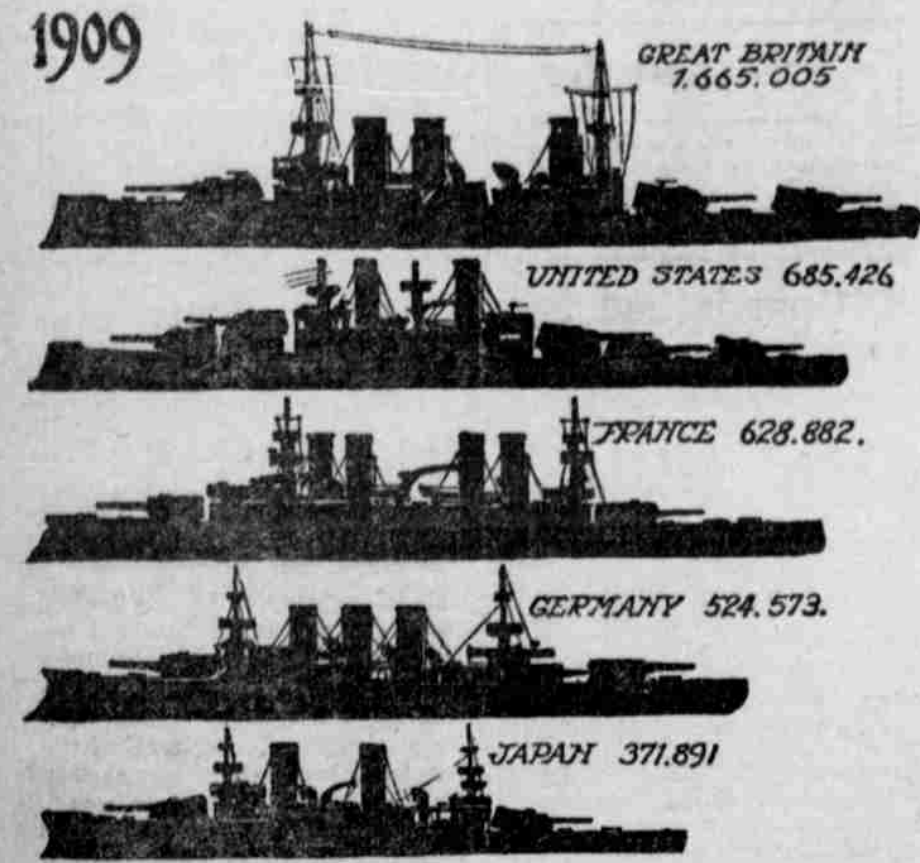


# STRUGGLE IS FOR NAVAL SUPREMACY

Obscure British army officer, serving in South Africa, has done a very remarkable thing. For years Kipling had been bitterly apostrophizing his countrymen:

Must ye wait for the scattered shrapnel ere ye learn how a gun is laid,  
For the low, red gleam to the southward where your raided coast towns burn  
(Light ye shall have on that lesson, but little time to learn).

But "arid, aloof, incurious, unthinking, unthanking," the empire over which the sun never sets went on its way, "waiting some easy wonder, hoping some saving sign." And now an army officer who had turned playwright for the moment has accomplished at one stroke all that Kipling had failed to do with all of his many prodigings. In his extraordinary play, "An Englishman's Home," the fanciful portrayal of a sudden foreign invasion and its dire results has excited Great Britain almost as much as the actuality might have done. In the vernacular, the play hit the British public where it lives. Its far-reaching



effect is shown in cable dispatches which describe the turbulent scene in parliament when the naval bill came up for debate and the overwhelming vote of 322 to 83 in favor of the rapid upbuilding of a more powerful navy.

Navy is essentially business instruments, and no amount of argument can disguise the fact that they are built for use and not for ornament. There is no need here to attempt to define which is the governing principle, whether those who have the greatest strength are the ones who are most likely to use it, or whether the mere possession of armed strength implies an intention of employing it. But the fact remains that for many years Great Britain's postulate had been that, whatever the cost, she would have a navy superior to that of any two powers. Her attitude has been that, as the greater includes the less, therefore by preparing to fight a combination of the two greatest naval powers that preparation would make her secure against any other combination that could possibly be conceived.

"But now," said Mr. Balfour in his impassioned speech before the house, "for the very first time in modern history we are face to face with a naval situation so new and so dangerous that it is difficult for us to realize its import."

**The Nation Responsible.**

The nation that has created for Great Britain the situation "so new and dangerous" can be easily enough identified. With good reason or without, Britain has long distrusted Germany, and long before the production of the play which so startled the British populace, and so much electrified its parliament, there was in the heart of most every Briton a conviction that if Great Britain ever went to war, Germany would seize the opportunity to overthrow British maritime supremacy. Great Britain's frankly disclosed perturbation is now due to the vast strides that Germany has been making with her navy, and instead of the settled British idea of maintaining a two-power standard, there are now some excited doubts as to her ability to maintain ascendancy over this single one.

It is estimated that 13 German Dreadnoughts and Invincibles might be completed by 1911, as against 12 Dreadnoughts and four Invincibles which Great Britain would have by November of 1911. If Germany accelerates her construction work she would have 17 of those ships by April of 1912. Great Britain, it was pointed out in parliament, could not afford to take risks, and if she was to maintain her superiority the admiralty must be in a position to obtain the delivery of four additional Dreadnoughts by March of 1912, thus giving Great Britain 20 such vessels against Germany's possible 17.

Thus, while it is plain enough that Germany is the one power against

which Great Britain is arming in such feverish haste, it would be difficult to say what combination of two powers is at present regarded by Downing Street as being the most probable. But it is recognized that the kaleidoscope of international relations can alter more rapidly than fleets can be built, particularly those fleets of Dreadnoughts whose rapid upbuilding in Germany has brought so much disturbance to the sober British mind. These are the all-big-gun ships which one hears so much of nowadays, vessels of such tremendous offensive and defensive power, of such high speed and wide stream radius, that it is now admitted that upon their preponderance will rest the naval supremacy of the future.

**Origin of the Big-gun Ship.**

Although the idea of the all-big-gun ship originated on this side of the Atlantic and had its inception in target practice in the American navy, that distinguished Italian, Cuni-bergt, of the Royal Italian corps of naval engineers, has, by reason of the capaciousness of pigeon holes in Washington, been

credited with the first design. In the current volume of "Jane's Fighting Ships of the World" this distinguished commentator notes a remarkable evolution in German battleship design, "although up to the present time there had been a distinct difference between them, or either the French or British system of construction."

Continuing, he says that "among these three great navies the British certainly predominates, but while it is hardly likely that the other two will modify their ideas in warship construction, the general trend of constructive ideas may now be modified, as a war between Great Britain and her two allies is altogether improbable."

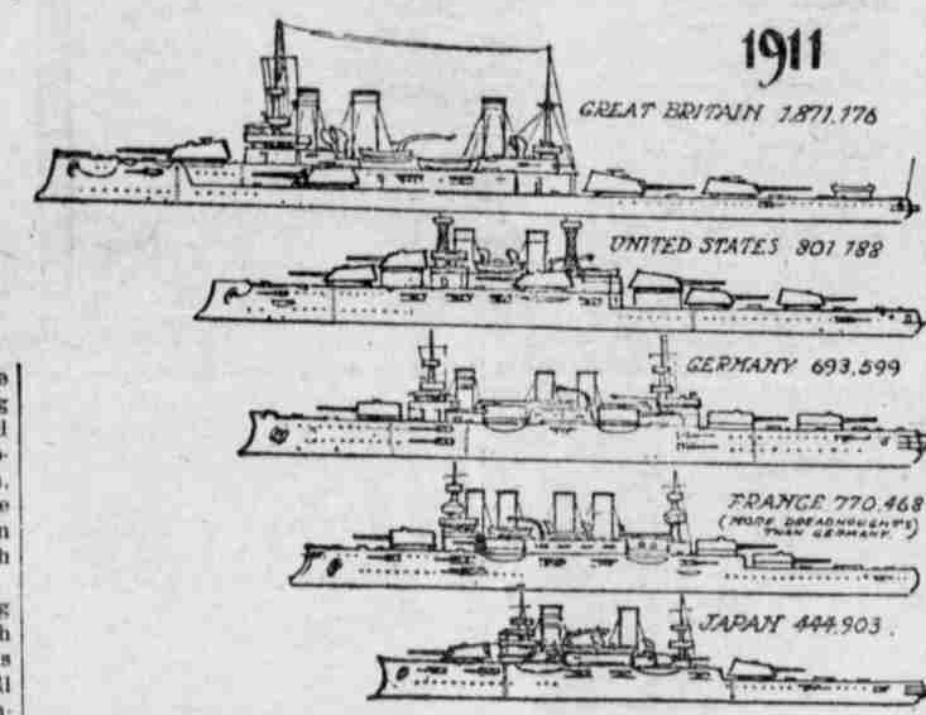
This elimination leaves only Germany, France and the United States as the only powers with sufficient naval strength to confront Great Britain without being utterly swept from the seas from the very start. This country and France may be left out of the count as it is not against either of these that Great Britain's shipbuilding energies are now directed.

But in the untoward event of hostilities between Germany and Great Britain it may well be assumed that the theater of conflict would not be such as is portrayed in the drama of "An Englishman's Home," but in the North sea, and possibly also in the Baltic.

Supposing merely for the sake of illustration, that the fleets of the United States were the ones to assail or be assailed, the theater of war would doubtless be the high seas; in the second case, or that of Germany, it would in all likelihood be fought out in the North sea. In the first event the land armies of the two powers would have little to do if we exclude possible warfare in their colonies; while in the second, the far greater powers of the land armies of Germany could in no wise compensate for the greater power of the British fleet on the sea.

**Naval Necessities.**

An eminent naval authority recently pointed out as an obvious truth the fact that battleships of great displacement and capable of keeping the seas for a considerable length of time would be indispensable to Great Britain in any war that she undertook to wage with any nation widely separated from her by sea. Equally indispensable would be fast and very powerful armored cruisers. Thus the Dreadnought and the Invincible types seem exactly designed to meet such needs, and for long runs across the ocean. But in the case of Germany would they be of the same service? The difficulties that would encompass the theater of conflict in that event would, indeed, be serious for such vessels; the shallow coastal waters of the North sea, the difficult Straits of Denmark and many other drawbacks which hardly require enumerating, show at once that in a war with this



light, with a final strenuous effort of the Tashima type.

If the history of the armored ship era teaches anything, it teaches that every change is always preceded by a universal conviction that something akin to finality has been reached! Italy has so frequently anticipated events that her program is always of special interest. And it was quite a few years ago that Col. Cuni-bergt's "Ideal British Battleship" excited something very like derision from those who characterized the idea of a battleship armed with nothing but 12-inch guns as "altogether too fanciful an idea for a serious work!" Yet now every battleship is a "Cuni-bergt," more or less.

**Mystery of New Battleships.**

To date the mystery of the new German battleships has been well maintained, but none apparently are quite so powerful as was once supposed. The three guns in a turret idea is entirely given up as unsatisfactory—which reduces the number of guns to 12 or possibly only 10.

The two first of the Nassau class are of 17,710 tons; the two next about 19,000 tons, but with the same armor and armament. The ships to be built under the 1909 program are probably sisters to these last.

Of the new armored cruisers the cruiser "F" is now understood to carry but 8, or possibly 9—11-inch. She is of practically the same dimensions as the British Invincibles. It is still only possible to give conjectured designs of her.

The Blucher is now reported to have 10—8.2-inch guns, which, her displacement being under 15,000 tons, is far more probable than the heavier armaments hitherto assigned to her. Between the 12-inch, 45-caliber of the Invincibles and the German 11-inch 50-calibers, there is no very great difference in weight, not more than six tons per gun at the outside. Seven 11-inch German guns would weigh as much as six 12-inch, 45-caliber British ones, or rather more than that.

The small German cruisers tend to become faster annually. They have now reached "Scout speeds"—and, being considerably better armed; must be regarded as distinctly superior to the ordinary scout. German destroyers are following the usual tendency to increased size and armament, but

they do not present any novel features.

Of the submarines on which Germany is embarking, comparatively little is known. From the excellence of the Russian boats built at Krupp's, Germania yard, the assumption is that the German boats will be at least equally efficient. The main defect appears to be too small a radius.

**Two in Third Place.**

Japan and Germany now both occupy the third place among the naval powers. On paper Japan, perhaps, occupies almost the better position on account of all the ex-Russian battleships that she owns. Outside and apart from these ships, however, the Japanese fleet is now very considerable in the most powerful types of units. The Satsuma, of the new Dreadnought type, was completed during 1908, as were most of the armored cruisers of equal date.

Considerable progress has been made on Japan's other big Dreadnought, the Aki, and two ships, the first of a new series, are well advanced. Four others are projected, but none of them appears to be yet in hand. The number of big armored cruisers to be built is rather indefinite; it is doubtful whether more than one is actually in hand.

One of the most interesting developments of the recent past is the advent of Dreadnoughts among the northern European "coast defense" navies. Of these navies, that of Sweden is probably equal to the Russian in ships as they now stand. Under the new programs Sweden, Norway and Holland all project or are beginning to build Dreadnoughts of power, quite equal to the best battleships set afloat by any nation a few years ago. Supposing Sweden to build these as industriously as she has built her coast defense battleships in the past, it will not be long before this country becomes an extremely important factor in the Baltic, especially in the event of Norway co-operating, as might well be the case in matters involving general Scandinavian interests.

In the South American navies none of the ambitious programs of last year have yet borne fruit except the Brazilian. These carry 12 12-inch, and so are considerably superior to the Dreadnoughts in gunfire, but the protection given is distinctly less.

In varying degree with each of the smaller navies, the standards of value which apply to the great navies are

# MAN OR BEAST?

By ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

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It was half an hour before the performance in the big tent, but the menagerie tent was beginning to fill. The gasoline torches were blazing fiercely and adding their fumes to the pungent animal odors, and the aroma of the damp pine sawdust under foot aided in creating that distinctly circus scent that is the incense of bliss to the nose of the small boy.

The vendors of peanuts and pink and white "lemo" were busy at their stands near where the rough-hided elephants and shop-worn camels were chained to stakes around the center-pole, and through an opening at the far end of the tent could be seen the tiers of blue plank seats in the big tent beyond, and one or two blue-jacketed men hastily raking sawdust in the two big rings.

A stream of eager sightseers pressed around the circle of cages, crowding close to the guard-ropes, ejaculating with wonder at sight of the gnarled eagerly glancing ahead in vain endeavor to see the hippopotamus with his cave-like mouth. Those who had canes or umbrellas slyly poked the animals, keeping one eye on the sleepy watchmen.

It was the real circus, the only ten combined greatest shows on earth, and it had actually come to Yarnaby in all its glory with its cages and fluttering banners, its four champion bands and lightning ticket-sellers. It was the real circus, from the wonderful beasts that appeared on the show-bills and nowhere else, to the poles and posts and seats, painted that shade of blue that is seen on circus-poles and posts and seats and is seen there only.

All Yarnaby county that had not attended the morning performance crowded the tent that evening, and of all the animals the lions were viewed with the greatest awe. The monarchs of the animal kingdom lay at the back



"He's Hypnertizin' the Lion."

of their cage blinking sleepily and glancing now and then at the curious faces of the crowd with lazy indifference.

When, from sheer weariness, the lioness yawned and showed her white teeth, the crowd before the cage fell back precipitately and the women uttered little cries of terror. The lioness let her head drop comfortably between her paws and glanced at her mate.

"What do you think of that?" she asked.

The lion sniffed contemptuously.

"They weary me," he said; "to tell the truth, everything wearies me now. I'd like to go back to the jungle. Do you remember the day I killed the wild ox, soon after I met you?"

"Indeed I do," said the lioness; "I can see you still crawling slowly nearer while you held him spell-bound with your eyes until you sprang upon his back and bore him down."

The lion raised his head and swayed his tail stealthily, as he had in his free days, and then laid his head on his paw and gazed through the bars of the cage.

"Yes!" he said. "Yes! I would give all this comfort and regular diet for one day of the old hunt. Just to be free and to hypnotize an antelope or a shaggy ox as I stole upon it, to see it quiver with fear, wishing to fly, but held nerveless by the power of my eye. Do you remember the day I hypnotized a man?"

"Indeed I do!" said his wife, proudly.

"He was an Englishman."

"Yes," said the lion, "a mighty hunter. It was the full of the moon, at the antelope pool. He was hunting me." He chuckled grimly. "Do you remember, it was our firstborn's birthday. We ate the Englishman for dinner that night. It was little Leo's first taste of man."

"I can see it very plainly," said the lioness; "but I should hate to have you meet a man with a gun now, dear. Eight years of butcher's meat have dulled your eyes. I fear you could not hypnotize a rabbit now."

The lion raised his head and his brow contracted. He gazed over the heads of the crowd into the jungle of his youth. The lioness had hurt his pride.

At that moment Silas and Sally stood before the ostrich cages. Silas was in his Sunday clothes, and on his breast glowed a scarlet tie, and Sally clung to his arm with both hands only loosening her grip from time to time to take a bite of the brick of popcorn she carried.

She glanced at the crowd ahead of them.

"What are we comin' to now, Sil?" she asked.

"That's the lions," said Silas. "Ever seen any?"

She tightened her grip on his arm and giggled nervously.

"No, I ain't," she said, "Ain't you frightened of them?"

"Who?—me?" asked Silas, contemptuously. "No, I ain't scared. They're safe enough; they's stout iron bars to his cage. There's a feller gits in his cage and makes him act. We'll see him in the big tent. I seen it on the show bills."

"Ain't you makin' fun of me, Sil?" she asked. "My sakes! I wouldn't gits in that cage fer nawthin'."

"Pshaw! it's easy when you know how to do it," said Silas. "He does it with his eye. Hypnertizes 'em."

"What's that?" she asked. "How kin anybody hypnertize a lion, Sil?"

"Well, he jist looks him plum in the eye, steady. I read all about it once. When he looks hard enough the lion's got ter do what he wants him ter do."

"Ain't that funny, now?" giggled Sally. "I bet you couldn't do it."

"I bet I kin," he boasted; "I got a mighty steady eye."

They had edged their way up to the lion's cage, and as the lion lowered his gaze it fell on the scarlet of Silas' tie.

"Well, my dear," said the lion, "I may be getting stout, but I'll show you my eye has lost none of its cunning. See that man with the red spot on his breast? I will hold him spell-bound as I did the ox and the Englishman until you are convinced."

The lion arose and walked to the front of the cage, his eyes fastened on Silas' face.

Sally screamed and drew back in terror, but Silas laughed.

"Don't be scared," he said; "jist hang onto me. I'll show you I kin hypnertize him."

"What you goin' ter make him do?" asked Sally, tremulously.

"I'm a-goin' ter make him go back an' lay down," said Silas. He braced his feet firmly and gazed straight into the lion's eyes, repeating slowly under his breath: "Go an' lay down! Go an' lay down!" and the lion leaned his nose against a bar and glared at Silas.

The crowd edged close to Silas.

"What's he doin'?" they asked in whispers.

Sally giggled.

"He's hypnertizin' the lion," she whispered, proudly, and the word passed from one to another, and all stood eagerly watching Silas and the lion by truss.

The pupils of the lion's eyes contracted and expanded. Flashes of yellow fire flew from them. His tail swung slowly to and fro, coiling and uncoiling like an angry serpent.

Silas wrinkled his brow and frowned steadily at the lion. He clenched his fists and drew every muscle tense. He breathed quickly, and dug his toes into the insoles of his boots, and tried to concentrate his whole being into the words: "Go an' lay down," that ran through his brain, and the minutes slipped by.

The crowd wearily and passed on, but Silas and the lion stood motionless.

The lion swung his tail more rapidly, and his nostrils quivered with excitement, and Silas set his teeth on his tongue and lowered his eyelids until his eyes gleamed narrow and snake-like.

The lioness raised her khaki-colored head and gazed on the affair with interest, and Sally glanced proudly at Silas' face and then anxiously at the emptying tent.

Silas grew warm and uncomfortable and shifted his weight from foot to foot. The veins swelled into great cords on his neck and hands, and he threw his chin upward and bent his head forward. "Go an' lay down!" he almost hissed, but the lion swung his tail and gazed steadily with unwinking eyes.

In the big tent the band began playing. Sally and Silas were left alone with the lioness and her mate. Silas longed to turn and fly, but the reputation of his eye was at stake. The lion too was weary. He seldom stood so long, for he had grown fat in captivity.

A burst of applause in the big tent told that the "grand triumphal entry and pageant of all nations" had begun, and Sally pulled gently at Silas' arm. The lioness stretched herself and yawned.

"Well, dear," she said, "I admit your eye has lost none of its cunning. Come and lie down now, or you will be too tired to sleep to-night."

The lion gave Silas a parting glance, turned slowly and lay down beside his mate, and Silas straightened his cramped back and wiped his hot face.

"You done it, didn't you?" said Sally. "Hurry on, or we won't gits no seats in the big tent."

**Cod Liver Oil for Plants.**

A woman who owns two splendid-looking rubber plants which keep green and vigorous though their habitat is an apartment, says that she attributes their good health entirely to an occasional dose of cod liver oil. She has found a large spoonful of this medicine, from time to time, better than any of the fertilizers usually advised, and not more expensive.